

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. III.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1894.

No. 5

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second
class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

GEO. W. ELLIS, PRINTER, 341 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

CONTENTS OF NO. 5.

ALL'S WELL	53
THE GOODNESS POSSIBLE IN UNLIKELY PLACES	54
THE STILL HOUR	55
THE BIBLE CLASS	55
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL	57
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	59
THE EDITOR'S CORNER	63
NOTICES	64

ALL'S WELL.

Sweet-voicéd Hope! Thy fine discourse
Foretold not half life's good to me:
Thy painter, Fancy, hath not force
To show how sweet it is to *be*.
Thy witching dream
And pictured scheme
To match the fact still wants the power.
Thy promise brave
From birth to grave
Life's boon may beggar in an hour.
"Ask, and receive," 'tis sweetly said;
And what to plead for, know I not,
For wish is worsted, hope o'erspread,
And still to thanks returns my thought.
If I would pray,
I've naught to say
But this,—that God may be God still.
For him to live
Is still to give;
And sweeter than my wish, his will.
Oh wealth of life beyond all bound!
Eternity each moment given!
Whose plummet may the present sound?
Who promises a *future* heaven?
Or glad or grieved,
Oppressed, relieved,
In blackest night, in brightest day,
Still pours the flood
Of golden good,
And more than heart-full fills me aye.

My wealth is common; I possess
No petty province, but the whole:
What's mine alone is mine far less
Than treasure shared by every soul.
Talk not of store,
Millions or more;
Of values which the purse may hold.
But this divine,—
I own the mine

Whose grains outweigh a planet's gold.

I have a stake in every star,
In every beam that fills the day;
All hearts of men my coffers are,
My ores arterial tides convey;
The fields, the skies,
The sweet replies
Of thought to thought, are my gold dust;
The oaks, the brooks,
And speaking looks
Of lover's faith and friendship's trust.

Life's youngest tides joy-brimming flow
For him who lives above all years,
Who all immortal makes the *now*,
And is not ta'en in Time's arrears.
His life's a hymn
The seraphim
Might hark to hear or help to sing;
And to his soul
The boundless whole
Its bounty all doth daily bring.

"All mine is thine," the Sky-soul saith:
The wealth I *am*—must thou become.
Richer and richer, breath by breath
Immortal gain, immortal bloom.
And since all His
Mine also is,
Life's gift outruns my fancy far,
And drowns the dream
In larger stream,
As morning drinks the morning star.

—D. A. Wasson.

This new heavens and new earth, full of
righteousness, peace, and love, belongs to
us all: that is the gospel, that is the good
news. The grace of God which brings sal-
vation has appeared to all men.—*J. F. C.*

THE GOODNESS POSSIBLE IN
UNLIKELY PLACES.

Now and then, when you are away in the quiet country, looking upon summer woods and fields as fair as ever Jesus looked on in his restful, meditative hours, you feel something of what life *might* be, and your heart cries out, "Oh that it might be so always!" But you come back into the busy city. You find your places waiting, your houses to manage, your calls to make, all sorts of worrying details about dress and food and the children's schooling, and a thousand little duties and engagements of society, not half of which you care for, but which you have to do; nothing wrong about it all, not much that you seem to be able to change or lessen. And then, after so much that you have to do because the world insists upon it, you feel as if you were entitled to what little time is left for your own particular pleasures and enjoyments, whatever they may be, and these, too, all bring their worries, also; and so the weeks hurry by, and life passes swiftly and more swiftly. And now and then, when you come out of it all into a quiet Sunday hour, and look at what life has to show, it is apt to seem rather poor and small, and as if it could not help being so. Sometimes you almost wonder if it is worth the trouble. And then you look at that great Christ,—Christ, with his heart in the calm heights of prayer; Christ going about from day to day doing good; Christ, with such inner visions of God's truth that his common sayings became revelations to mankind; Christ upon the cross, and making even the cross a glory,—you look at him, you feel the awful beauty of it all; but how should *you* have any life like that? How is it possible even to try for it? Your lot seems all full of little hindrances and obstacles which have not even dignity about them, a sort of "Nazareth" from which much cannot be reasonably looked for. True; and yet it was in Nazareth, through thirty years of Nazareth, that the child Jesus grew into the world's great Christ! I know that it is all true that you feel about the difficulties and discouragements of these commonplaces. It is hard to live the Christian life in the full, beautiful meaning of it *there*, only I do not know any place on earth where it is not hard. Men

have tried it out of the world,—they have tried it in deserts and in cloisters: women have tried it in nunneries and sisterhoods; but they have found it never any easier, and nothing like as useful and noble. Still, I know how hard it is in the world. When I think sometimes of all the cares and worries and duties and sorrows of common, average life, I feel as if it were almost a mockery to hold up to people the high, pure image, of life in the spirit of Christ, as that which they should be trying for.

But it is not *I* who put it to *you*: it is God who puts it to us all! He puts it to us in that very law of our being which makes us feel Christ's spirit of life so noble. And he puts it to us in showing us how it was in the common life of the world that that Christ-life grew up into its perfect excellence and beauty. And the lesson is a true one. It is a mere delusion,—all this idea that *our* places are peculiarly unfavorable. There, in *your* counting-house, in *your* office, in *your* school-room, in *your* busy home, that true, kind life, with its helpful hand and its heart close to God, is just as possible as it was in Nazareth. It is not possible all at once,—perhaps this is a thought we need,—not possible all at once anywhere; but the steps to it are possible everywhere. There is not the busiest mother of you all but may teach your children *some* of those thoughts and some of those great Bible words with which Mary fed the heart of her child Jesus. So we may learn to walk with God in our streets, in happy thoughts of thankfulness and prayer, as really as Jesus did in Nazareth. We may find every day about us the very opportunities of helpfulness by which Jesus learned that spirit which, in the end, just "went about doing good." We may find waiting, everywhere, the little daily crosses of life by the bearing of which he grew into the strength for the great cross of death. And every time we take a step in any of these upward ways, the next step will be more possible. Each time you lift your heart to God or open it toward man, God and man will seem nearer. Each time you want to be cross with some one who is stupid or perverse, and, instead, are kind and patient, will help you toward the Master's infinite patience. Each time you would rather send the fussing little ones away, but bear with them lovingly instead,

is a step nearer to the graciousness of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

So is that Christ-life possible—not all at once, but little by little, step by step—in all these common Nazareths of ours. And that is the real life! That is the only life that shall stand firm and true through all trial and sorrow, the only kind of life eternally worth living! Amen.—*Brooke Herford.*

THE STILL HOUR.

"SUNRISE NEVER FAILED US YET."

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful after glow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joys once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

GOD MADE US TO BE HOLY.

It is not for us to despair of growing, not merely pure, but good; not merely good, but holy. God has made us for that very thing; and what God intends, *that* assuredly will at last be done. He is not wearied of us: it is we who are weary of our vain and vacillating selves. I cannot use the accustomed phrase that "he will forgive us if we pray." He is *always* forgiving. He stands by us every hour, watching all our poor struggles, with pity and love ineffable, longing,—yes! I believe we may dare to say it,—longing for our return, that he may bless us once more with the consciousness of his love, the sense of reunion with his holiness, the infinite, immeasurable, awful joy of giving ourselves to be his, in soul and body, on earth,—his to do his holy will in worlds beyond the grave, forever and forever.

Father, blessed Father, take us thus back! From all our wanderings, our coldness, our miserable guilt and rebellion, our baseness and our sin, redeem us, O God! Father, we love thee,—only a little now; but we shall love thee hereafter wholly and perfectly. Take our hearts, and mould them to thyself. We give them to thee. That which thou desirest for us, even the same do we desire. Fulfil thy blessed purpose in us. As thou hast made us to be pure and good, so burn thou out of our souls all our sinfulness. As thou hast made us to be strong and holy, so do thou strengthen us with might, by thy spirit in the inner man. Show us all the depth of the evil, the sensuality, the bitterness of heart, the coldness toward thee, in which we have lived, and the glory and beauty and blessing of the life of love to thee and to our fellows, which it is in our power yet to live. Lift us out of the pit, out of the mire and clay, and set our feet upon a rock, and order all our goings. We are thine, O Father and Mother of the world! We are thine: save us! We know that thou *will* save!—*Frances Power Cobbe.*

THE BIBLE CLASS.

LIFE AT CAPERNAUM—THE CALL OF
MATTHEW.

MATT. ix. 9-13; MARK ii. 13-17; LUKE v. 27-32.

In all three of the Synoptic Gospels the story of the call of Matthew directly follows the account of the healing of the paralytic. Still, it is not certain that no interval elapsed between the two incidents. Edersheim thinks that the healing of the paralytic probably took place in winter, since Jesus was living in Peter's house, and people resorted there in crowds to hear his teaching, and that the call of Matthew is likely to have been in the following spring, from the out-of-doors surroundings; and this may be hinted by the phrase in Mark, "And he went forth again by the seaside; and all the multitude resorted to him again, and he taught them." A custom seems to be described here.

(It should be remembered that, for local color and the minute description of an eye-witness, we go to Mark, whose Gospel is, in fact, the story of Peter written down by Mark.)

We should expect the actual story of the calling to be somewhat fuller in Matthew than elsewhere. The account varies very slightly. Mark, indeed, calls Matthew Levi, the son of Alphæus; Luke, merely Levi; in Matthew he is called Matthew. Luke says, "And Levi made him [Jesus] a great feast in his house"; Matthew says only, "As he sat [reclined] at meat in the house"; and Mark, "As he was sitting at meat in his house." All three speak of the "publicans and sinners" who were also the guests of Matthew, Luke calling them "a great multitude," the other two only "many." All three record the reproach of the Pharisees, and the answer of Jesus. In Matthew they say to the disciples, "Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?" in Mark, "He eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners"; in Luke (still addressing the disciples), "Why do ye eat and drink with publicans and sinners?" In all three the answer of Jesus is reported in almost the same words: "They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners." (The revised version retains the words "to repentance" in only one Gospel, Luke's.) But to Matthew only do we owe the precious quotation from Hosea: Jesus says, "Go ye and learn what this meaneth: I desired mercy, and not sacrifice." Matthew was probably sitting beside Jesus, as would be the custom,—the honored guest beside the giver of the feast, —and heard what he said at the minute it was spoken.

This quotation has an especial interest from its being used *twice* by Jesus; for he also quotes it in the story of the walk in the cornfield, and again Matthew is the only narrator who reports it.

This seems therefore to have been a favorite quotation of Jesus; and we receive from it a light which helps us to understand him better.

That Jesus should choose a Roman custom-house officer for one of his apostles, that he should sit at his table with other publicans and "sinners," thereby making himself "unclean" (ceremonially), shows how completely he had broken loose from rabbinic restrictions, how fully he had accepted the despised Gentiles, how entirely he ignored the bitter resentment of the con-

quered nation toward the conquerors, and the feeling—still more bitter—toward those of the conquered race who had so little patriotism as to accept office under the Romans, and that the hated office which obliged them to demand the Roman custom-house dues from their own countrymen.

Matthew belonged to the most obnoxious class of publicans. He sat (or stood) himself at the landing-place, and did not employ any one to receive the "toll." Jesus must often have passed him as he walked on the shore of the lake; and it can hardly be doubted, from the promptness with which Matthew responded, that Jesus had seen in his face the expression which spoke his love and reverence as clearly as words. No doubt Matthew had often heard Jesus preach in the synagogue built by the "good" Roman centurion. From the synagogues no one was excluded; and there Jesus had seen the eager faces of foreigners drinking in the teaching of a purer religion than they had ever yet known. Was it strange that he burned with indignation that a man should be excluded from the *Temple* who cared enough for the religion of the Jews to build them a synagogue?

John the Baptist had not yet been slain: the turning-point in the history of Christ had not come. There was still a hope that the whole Roman nation might be conquered by the power of love and truth; and Jesus knew well that in this lay the only hope of conquest. If the Jews could be led to forgive and love the Romans and receive them as friends, the influence of the Jewish religion would be felt all through the world. With this hope did he call upon a Roman official to be one of his apostles.

Observe here that two of the Gospels no longer have the words "*to repentance*," but only "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners": this is likely to be the true reading, reported thus by Matthew and Mark. It was not only *to repentance* that Christ called Matthew,—that was the especial mission of John the Baptist,—it was to something higher: it was to the honor and glory of helping him to bring about the kingdom of heaven on earth. L. F. C.

[The editor will answer questions on New Testament study, so far as she is able. Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Mass.]

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY TO-DAY ?

Concluding Paper.

Let us have a story to-day; but how shall it be told? If the would-be entertainer has no "knack," she cannot do better than to memorize a bit of history, a legend, or something of that kind. Incidents in the lives of or facts about well-known living men are generally acceptable. The very name of Edison is a magic word to certain children of my acquaintance. Surely, no one would tell a *fairy story*. I disapprove most heartily of them; but, if one must be had, let one of the least objectionable ones be read. But I prefer an improvised narrative. In it there is opportunity to enlarge on certain desirable points, and to bring some moral home to the little listeners, if necessary. And it must be remembered that children love detail; therefore, be not sparing of embellishments. If you tell them that a Roman matron, being asked what jewels she had, pointed to her children, saying, "*These are my jewels*," you have said but little; and we are forcibly reminded of that interesting nursery romance,—

"I'll tell you a story
Of old Mother Corey,
And now my story's begun :
I'll tell you another
About her brother,
And now my story is done."

But if you relate that, in that fascinating period known as "long ago," one day Madame Cordelia went to spend the afternoon with Madame Cornelia, and that you will tell all about the visit, you at once elicit curiosity and interest, and your task will be easy. Then omit nothing, let the children have it all, the lovely day under that Italian sky, the beautiful view from the veranda where the ladies were sitting, the fountain in the garden below, don't even forget the butterflies. Then the conversation, how it happened to turn upon jewels, the history of Madame Cordelia's rings, and how her friend admired them, but gracefully left the subject as tea was announced. We must surely hear what was served for this early meal, how the boys, the Gracchi, came in while it was in progress, how Madame Cornelia returned to the subject of jewels by asking to examine

again the pearl she thought so perfect, and thus we come to her remark that has echoed to us down the centuries; and I think the children will go to bed happy with the promise of hearing next time of some of the deeds of Cornelia's boys.

By the way, the same tactics of detail and mimicry may be tried with signal success on children of a larger growth.

I think it well to make every effort to develop in children those qualities which distinguish the successful *raconteur*. This may be done in the home by judicious questions, by requiring detailed accounts of certain transactions or of the manner in which certain periods of time were spent, by the repetition of anecdotes or stories told them, or by blackboard exercises which will readily suggest themselves to the wise mother.

Annie Swayze Breck.

(We owe a great deal to Mrs. Breck for her charming and suggestive papers, and read the last with regret. Will not some one who *believes* in fairy tales now come to the front, and give us the other side? Let all be represented.)

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES OF MOTHERS.

From among the host of virtues that a good and noble woman may unite in her person, we may single out a few that are almost necessary to good motherhood; and, though we can none of us hope to possess all the virtues, there is no reason we may not all of us possess some of them. In these days of mental and physical training there is almost nothing women may not attain with a strong will and a willing mind.

Health is every person's birthright, and the woman who does not possess it has been defrauded of what is her own. Such a woman should strive by education in hygiene and natural laws to endow her children with good health, and by self-sacrifice and self-control to keep her own nature well balanced, her mind cheerful, and to overcome that "nervousness" which is the chief cause of unhappiness in the American home.

Health stands first among the possessions of a good mother. But the delicate woman may make up for its loss in sweetness of temper, and a knowledge how to conserve her forces and increase what strength she has.

American mothers of limited means and strength are apt to spend themselves too much for their children. Proper training is what is most needed in the home, and this is what is hardest to give. It is often easier for the mother to serve the child than to make the child serve itself. The woman who teaches her children to serve themselves, thus developing self-reliance and independence of character, is the wise, true mother. The one who makes herself their slave is the weak, foolish one. For this special training the virtue most needed is patience. The mother should be like God, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; and, to attain this blessed state of being, patience! patience! should be the mother's continued aspiration.

But, in demanding of our children the exercise of the virtues, we mothers should never forget the distance we have travelled since we were little ones, and try to go back to the time when our hands were weak, our natures timid, our hearts unused to the ways of the world. Put yourself in your children's place, is a motto that should be hung in every home, where parents might see it often. There are many needless hurts, many misunderstandings of the best nature of the child that might be avoided if mothers would but put themselves in the little ones' place. For this the mother must make and keep her own heart young.

And, then, the good mother must be true,—true to herself and true to her children; true in all the little details of life; true for every baby question; true for the great, deep, vital questions of life, that spring up in the heart of the child so early.

I have told my children the truth about Santa Claus. They have never believed in that person because I have feared to tell all the falsehoods that must be told to uphold that one. And from the first year of their lives I have told them that the name Santa Claus was a personification of the love of parents and friends, as Jack Frost was of the cold; and they have lost nothing by it and I believe that they and I have gained much.

They hang up their stockings at Christmas, they talk of the coming of Santa Claus as other children do, and enjoy the myth as a myth; and in the same way they think of and enjoy the brownies and the fairies, and

their confidence in me will not be shaken, there will be no rude awakening later on.

Children are natural poets. To them the world is full of dream, and peopled by all sorts of imaginings; and we need not fear to make our children prosaic. And, truly, there is more poetry and wonder in the facts of life and nature than in all the fancies of the world.

Above all, let us win the confidence of our children. This is the golden key by which we may lock out from them the wickedness of the world, and it is the only means to protect them from evil. How best to do this is hard to tell; but I would say to mothers, "Begin early." As soon as the baby can pick a flower to give to mamma, let the mother eagerly receive it. Let the little one come to you with every thought. No idea, however vague, no question, however foolish, but should be met with seriousness and respect by the mother. Do not be afraid to say, "I do not know," when the questions are beyond your knowledge, adding, "but I will try to find out about it for you."

Let the mother prepare herself beforehand to answer in a reverent, truthful way the great, deep questions of life and its mysteries, which spring up in the mind of every child. The mother is the proper person to explain these facts to both girls and boys. Let her put aside any false modesty she may have, and prepare herself by earnest thought, that the child may learn of nature's laws in a reverent way, and not in the usual vulgar fashion from coarser children. Then their minds will be prepared for these low, outside influences, and will shrink from them as something evil. Daily there comes to every mother the opportunity to establish confidence between herself and her children. Such opportunities are golden, and should be watched for and encouraged. The busy mother is too apt to look upon these little links as trivial, to scorn the silly question, to throw away the stemless flower, to treat as foolish the little dream or plan, and to say, "Run away and play," when the little ones come with what seems very important to them. But, were mothers to realize that these links are forming the golden chain to bind their children's hearts and lives to them, they would look with reverent eyes upon these every-day needs of the little lives intrusted to their care. To win this confi-

dence and trust, mothers need insight, watchfulness, and courage.

Therefore let us all strive for health of body, or, if we cannot have this, let us strive for self-sacrifice which will make us control our aches and pains and nervousness, that the children may not suffer from our condition.

Next we must cultivate patience and the young, enthusiastic heart that is interested in all our children feel and do, and tenderness, watchfulness, and courage to warn our children of evil, and prepare them to meet it, and perfect truthfulness, without whose presence life has no anchor. These, surely, every mother can strive for with hope of winning.—*Edith Willis Linn.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all matter for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Hallett, 310 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.]

GENERAL INFORMATION FOR GIVERS AND RECEIVERS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" *Unless otherwise stated*, all books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Hallett, asking, "*Shall I send such a book to such a person?*" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Hallett, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

A four-pound package is the most that can be sent by *mail*. The postage on four pounds of *magazines* is 16 cts., on four pounds of *books* 32 cts.

Postage on magazines and all periodicals (weighing less than four pounds), 1 cent for four ounces; on bound books, 1 cent for two ounces. *Paper books* are now sent by mail at the same rate as magazines, *when issued periodically*.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

Miss I. C. Buxton, Corey Hill, Brookline, Mass., offers "Adam Bede"; "Mill on the Floss"; Mrs. Spofford's "Poems"; and "Helen's Babies."

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Mass., offers "The New Mistress" and "Henrietta's Wish," both by Miss Yonge; "A Hardy Norseman," Edna Lyall; "Round the World in Eighty Days," Jules Verne; "The Story of Ida"; "The Old Ma'amselle's Secret"; "Jackanapes"; and "The Story of a Short Life." Also, for ministers or Sunday-school teachers, "The Life and Times of Jesus," "Deacon Herbert's Bible Class," "The Christian Doctrine of Prayer," "The Problem of the Fourth Gospel," all by James Freeman Clarke.

Miss Cora H. Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Mass., offers "The Pleasures of Life," Lubbock; "Stories for Young Housekeepers," T. S. Arthur; "John Halifax." Also the following children's books: "Five Little Peppers"; "The King of the Golden River"; Hawthorne's "Wonder Book"; "A Flat-iron for a Farthing."

Mrs. H. R. Hallett, 310 Harvard Street, offers the following books: "The Hyacinth, or Affection's Gift for 1849"; "Gottfried, or the Island Hermitage"; "Stanley Buxton," John Galt; "European Capitals," William Ware; "Story of the Great March," G. W. Nichols; "Memoirs of John Frederic Oberlin"; "Life and Times of George IV.," Rev. George Croly; "Woman's Work in the Civil War," L. P. Brackett; "Biography of Hosea Ballou," M. M. Ballou; "Now and Then," Samuel Warren; "The Little Savage," Capt. Marryat; "Letters from New York in 1845," L. Maria Child; "Proverbial Philosophy," M. Tupper; "Northern Regions," a story of Capt.

Parry's voyages; "Life of Alexander the Great," Rev. J. Williams; "Young Americans Abroad" (travels in 1853), J. O. Choules; "Cast away, or adventures in Africa," A. Bowman; "Stepping Heavenward."

The following list is offered by Eastport Branch. Address requests to Mrs. O. B. Whalen, Eastport, Maine. *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1893; 6 numbers *Scribner's Magazine*, 1890-91; "John Ward, Preacher," Margaret Deland; "The Scarlet Letter," Nathaniel Hawthorne; "All in a Garden Fair," Walter Besant; "The Reproach of Aunesley," Maxwell Grey; "The Christmas Books of Mr. M. A. Titmarsh," Thackeray.

The following books are offered to *any one who can send postage* by Mrs. F. C. White, Greenville, Washington County, Oregon. "Stephen Ellicott's Daughter," Mrs. J. H. Needell; "Only a Farmer's Daughter," L. Herbert Andrews; "Eric Brighteyes," Rider Haggard; "The Inner Life of the Court of the Tuileries," Madame Carette; "The Touchstone of Peril," R. E. Forest; "Chronicles of the Canongate," Sir Walter Scott.

REQUESTS.

The secretary of the Book Club asks that those who send books to correspondents would be kind enough to inform her of what is sent and to whom. If the givers of books are willing to comply with this request, it will assist her materially, and save her much trouble. If, for instance, you see a request for reading in *The Cheerful Letter* and begin a correspondence with the writer, and send her books or even boxes of books, Mrs. Hallett has no means of knowing this, unless you inform her; and the next writer may receive no answer. Yet she cannot tell which of the two to recommend. If Mrs. Smith receives fifty books in six months, and Mrs. Jones only two, Mrs. Hallett would rather recommend Mrs. Jones to those who offer books; but, unless givers will help us by sending a report, many of those who need books will remain unsupplied, especially those who are too scrupulous to repeat their request.

Standing requests for the following periodicals, to be sent as they come out. Offer, through Mrs. Hallett, *Harper's Monthly*,

the *Atlantic*, *Popular Science Monthly*, *Scientific American*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Scribner's*, the *Century*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Christian Register*, the *Outlook*, the *Unitarian*, the *Mother's Nursery Guide*.

LIBRARIES.

Rev. George H. Taylor, Rocky Ford, Colorado;

Mrs. W. F. James, Bibb, Comanche County, Texas;

Mrs. C. S. Stowell, Magnolia, Boulder County, Colorado;

Rev. Charles Graves, Box 328, Anamosa, Iowa;

Mrs. D. Jayne, Cayuta, Schuyler County, New York;

Mrs. Emma Miner, Lisbon, New Hampshire;

Stephen D. Rhoden, La Pine, Crenshaw County, Alabama.

Mrs. Stowell, Mrs. Jayne, and Mrs. Miner, all need children's books. Mrs. Stowell also asks for books for a mining population (many are educated people). Mr. Graves asks for a Sunday-school and parish library, Mr. Rhoden for an industrial school for colored children.

(If any address is omitted that should be in this list of standing requests, we shall be glad to insert it in the next number.)

Mrs. Kate D. Stafford, Bradford, Anderson County, Texas, asks for a Commentary on the New Testament from a Unitarian point of view, also a Concordance.

(We will suggest Livermore's Commentaries, and Noyes's translations of the Bible, with notes.)

Mrs. Harriet L. Clarno, Hermann, Lane County, Oregon, would like "Scarlet Letter," "House of Seven Gables," "St. Elmo," or "Lorna Doone."

Mrs. Kate Sprague, Salem, Oregon, wishes a coarse print Bible, with Reference and Concordance.

Will any one having a "North American Reader" to give away, kindly send word to Mrs. H. R. Hallett, 310 Harvard Street?

Mrs. Jessie Stoddard, North Platte, Nebraska, and Mrs. Carrie S. Rodgers, Russell Springs, Logan County, Kansas, both wish for "Ben-Hur."

Mrs. R. F. Evans, Shelbyville, Bedford County, Tennessee, wishes Episcopalian Leaflets for her Sunday-school.

Mrs. Jennie Wilson, Maxwell, Lincoln County, Nebraska, would like some reading matter. She especially desires the History of the United States.

Mrs. Kate Smith, Pisgah, Jackson County, Alabama, writes:—

"I am poor, and not able to buy books for my children to go to school; and I teach them at home in few old books I have. I am a widow. I have six children, all small; and I live in a lonely place a long way from any school. It is ten miles to the railroad. I have a friend that takes *The Cheerful Letter*, and I get it sometimes to read. I enjoy reading so much."

I should be very glad to receive any kind of a book on Natural History for my boy of nine, and would much appreciate a dictionary for myself. Very truly yours, Mrs. Catherine Murray, Perry, Oklahoma.

Miss R. Raye, Middleboro, Mass., would like some books on fancy work.

Mrs. Eva J. Herriman, 2322 Grant Avenue, Ogden, Utah, would like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and *Harper's Young People*. She says, "I wish any one sending me books would enclose the address, so that I could write to them personally."

Please send me some kind of a speech book, and Robinson's school algebra. I also would be glad to get papers of any kind. Hoping to hear from you soon, yours truly, Foster Rogers, Fork, Marion County, South Carolina.

Mrs. J. M. Tatum, Tatum Post-office, Orange County, Virginia, writes: "We have no Sunday-school in less than four miles. To go there, we walk. And M. has had a good many books sent her, to read of a Sunday to me; and she has read them all, and let other children have them, as there are so many little children growing up around me not knowing the pleasure of a book to read, as people are very poor. I am not choice. Any good little book or paper will be welcome. I will return or give to others to read, when I have finished."

Mrs. F. C. White, Greenville, Washington County, Oregon, asks for "The Oregon

Trail," "Driven back to Eden," and "Ten Years of my Life," by the Princess Salm Salm. She says: "I would also like some school books—readers, geographies, arithmetics—for children from eight to ten years of age. We live in the mountains; and in the winter there is no school, for the snow is too deep, so am obliged to teach them at home. I would like books or papers of any kind."

I am a Sunday-school teacher, and want some Sunday-school books for my little pupils. They are poor, and so am I, and not able to get any books. Any kind of Sunday-school matter will be thankfully received, and I know will do good. Address Mrs. Vulcan Frazelle, Little River Academy, North Carolina, Cumberland County.

(Do you want books for study, or story books?)

Mrs. Adela C. Wilcox, Dupuyer, Teton County, Montana, asks for Monroe's new Third Reader. She says "one was sent us through the Cheerful Letter Exchange, but the children had the misfortune to lose it out on the range while tending stock. They made thorough search for several days; but an old herder says he thinks cayotes carried it away. We are usually well; weather dry and warm; times a bit closer. If not Monroe's Reader, another would be acceptable."

Mrs. Wilcox also sends the name of Mrs. Harry Simpson, North Yakima County, Oregon. Mrs. Simpson has one little girl, and would be grateful for good reading.

Mr. William Bland, Olsburg, Pott County, Kansas, asks for some good hymn music for a "shut-in" Unitarian home in a lonely place,—a family of children with a widowed mother. They would like to sing hymns together in their own home if they had some good book with suitable tunes for hymns.

(Why not the "Hymn and Tune Book" published by the American Unitarian Association? This book ought to come very easily.)

LETTERS.

Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,—I improve this opportunity of acknowledging my gratitude to you. I am thankful for reading matter: it helps to pass the weary hours. I

do not sleep much. Would describe myself more definitely, but am suffering severely to-day; but am thankful it is no worse. I cannot get off the bed without assistance, yet I feel that God doeth all things well. Have great reason to be thankful, and now the darling little *Cheerful Letter* is sending new friends. God bless every one of you! Do you know you throw the sunshine in at the window, no matter how dark the day? Lovingly yours, Mrs. S. A. Bliss, Cambria, Michigan.

Dear Friend,—We are trying to build up a good school in this county, as there is not any in the county of any value. This school aims to be an industrial training academy for the farming class of negroes. If ever there was a needy class, it is the poor negroes here on the farm. We are entirely away from town, and are encircled by farming classes. If we could get this in good fix to help the needy cornfield boy and girl, there would be no school in a better place for good in this State. This school is also a great help to the south end of Montgomery County, which is also destitute of a school to bring up its farming. They, too, flock to us in great numbers. Pike County is also represented with us. Already this school is respected as the high school for the farmers for twenty miles around. We only need money to make it what it should be. We are encircled by needy and poor negroes who would get better if we are successful in getting friends to help us on through the great up-hill struggle. Will some kind friend lend a helping hand? We hope to prove ourselves always worthy of your kindness. The school is now one year and a half old. Last Christmas we were blessed with a kind visit of our friend, Mr. David Heston of Philadelphia, Pa., who looked into our work here, and thinks the school is the proper place to do good to a very needy class of negroes, as he saw many of them. I taught last term forty days without pay, in order to give a longer term, which resulted in great good. We need, at least, a seven months' school. Stephen D. Rhoden, principal, La Pine, Crenshaw County, Alabama.

(It is not the object of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange to send help in money even to the most excellent objects, but *books* are

one of our especial objects. We hope some one will write directly to Mr. Rhoden.)

I am more or less of a student of the natural sciences, and at the same time I am able to buy only a very small portion of the text-books I need. Nearly all the books of this kind which I had accumulated were destroyed by the burning of our house in February, 1893. I would be glad to receive any kind of text-books or general works on the above subject. Even public documents on scientific subjects would be very acceptable. The sciences which I am specially interested in are meteorology, geology, botany, mineralogy, and astronomy. I am especially anxious not to receive books which are needed worse by some one else. Barry C. Hawkins, Horse Cove, Macon County, North Carolina.

I would like books of Natural History or any other histories. I am not able to pay postage. I am an invalid, not able to work or wait on myself, but can read. I am also a cripple, never going from home for months at a time, and then only when friends take me in a buggy. We are in the drought region, where we have had no crops for two years. I have three little girls. I would be thankful for any reading. Hoping that I may receive some reading, I will now close. Mrs. Solomon A. Day, Trenton, Hitchcock County, Nebraska.

My request for matter for our library printed in the July number of *Cheerful Letter* has brought us several books and magazines, all of which have been acknowledged whenever the address of the sender was found. We would be pleased to receive books containing dialogues, recitations, and music for entertainments. The *Literary Digest*, published at 30 Lafayette Street, New York, would be very acceptable. Our people are struggling to carve homes out of the timber, and are not in a position to purchase the reading matter that they desire; and whatever is sent by the friends of the Book Club is eagerly sought for. E. W. Reed, Star Lake, Washington.

The lady who offered the bulbs has sent the following directions for those who desire to cultivate them. She says: "Tulips and narcissus can be grown in the house, but are more satisfactory out of doors, and

will care for themselves; while hyacinths, jonquils, and crocuses are of lower growth, and a little more tender, and especially fine for indoors. All hardy bulbs intended for winter blooming should be set in earth in September or October. Pots, boxes, or even tin fruit cans can be used. See that there is good drainage. A little charcoal in the bottom of each is good. Set the bulbs so they are covered entirely, but not deeply, press the earth firmly, water well, and put in a dark, airy place till growth begins. Water a *little* if the earth becomes dry, but not much till growth begins, which will usually be in about six weeks, then bring to light, and water as needed. The earth should be moderately rich. The setting in the dark is to encourage root-growth. Keep in a cool room, if possible. These bulbs bloom best in the cool, moist air of early spring, and do not like heat. When bloom is done, dry off, and let the bulbs remain in the earth till another fall. Bulbs out-of-doors must be set from two to five inches deep, according to size. *Never* move while growing. Wait till the tops are dead."

Mrs. W. M. Davis, 1 Bond Street, Cambridge, Mass., asks for "How to know the Wild Flowers," by Mrs. William Starr Dana, to send to one of her correspondents.

Mrs. Margaret C. Smith, Box 322, La-grange, Indiana, writes to thank the friend who sends her *The Cheerful Letter*. She says, "I have received some kind remembrances in reading matter, from dear sisters, through offers in your columns, and have lost the address of one dear sister who sent me the *Century* for the years 1865-66." She would like to hear from this friend, and adds, "I am much alone, and suffer from rheumatism."

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

The book which we select for recommendation this month is "The Boyhood of Franklin," by Jacob Abbott. It is an old book, but ought never to be out of print, being one of the best books for boys between eight and sixteen that ever was written. In the shape of an entertaining story, with charming illustrations, it gives some most important lessons so wisely that

no boy reading it would suspect that he was *being done good to*, and yet he could not help being better and wiser for reading it. The editor has obtained copies of this charming book within a year or two. If out of print, it is much to be desired that there should be a new edition before Christmas. It was published by Harper Brothers in New York, and ought *never to be out of print*.

Now that Mrs. Breck's series of charming articles has been concluded, will not some of our correspondents send us short articles on subjects interesting to mothers? Let us make our "mothers'" department as useful as we can this winter.

Shall we revive our History Class? It was dropped because responses to the questions were not received, and that led to a doubt whether there were enough interest felt in the subject. Since then so much regret has been expressed on the part of some correspondents that we think a lack of books may have been the trouble, and that the articles were appreciated. Will any who would enjoy reading the articles write to the editor?

As applicants for books are sometimes surprised at not receiving them at once, we will make the following explanation: After an offer of books has been made through *The Cheerful Letter*, the giver sometimes receives a great many requests for them, it may be as many as forty or fifty.

An offer of a book does not mean that it will be given to every one who asks for it at once; for sometimes there is but one copy. Usually, when a number of requests are received, the giver tries to send something at least to each applicant; and some of our members keep the lists of requests by them, and try to send again when they are able to obtain more copies of the same books.

We give this explanation in answer to letters asking why books have not been given or have been received a long time after the request was made. In such cases, the giver had sent the book to some one else, but took pains afterward to procure another copy or copies on purpose for those who had been left out in the first distribution.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on the first Friday in November at 25 Beacon Street, at 10.30 A.M.

Our Book Club department has grown so large that we shall ask of all who, in the future, write to us for books, to send the name of some minister, as a reference; when possible, the minister of the church to which they belong.

N.B.—Please notice the change in Miss Howe's personal address from Nahant to Brookline, and in Miss Clarke's from Mag-nolia to Jamaica Plain.

Will any minister who receives this paper assist us by sending to our secretary names of invalids, and of young people living in lonely places without libraries, schools, or means of education, and especially the addresses of the mothers of young families living on ranches or prairies?

One object of the Cheerful Letter Exchange is to send good books and magazines to those who are not able to obtain them, especially to young people,—not only stories and novels, but books that are instructive as well as interesting, and will create a taste for good reading, and gradually may interest the reader in studying history or the natural sciences, and so be an education. Also such books as are helpful to mothers, Jacob Abbott's wise and helpful books of advice about training children, and such a magazine as the *Mother's Nursery Guide*. We need the name of the minister who sends us such addresses as a voucher for the person being really in need of our help and interest. By procuring a list of names during the summer we shall be able in the autumn to distribute them among our members, and especially the clubs and circles of young people who are interested in Cheerful Letter Exchange work, guilds, Lend a Hand Clubs, King's Daughters' Circles, etc. There is a cordial interest felt in this object by many of our young people living in cities, and an earnest desire to share their books and magazines with those who have but few.

The editor regrets that she can no longer answer all the personal letters she receives. It has become impossible.

Our object being more especially to give good books, we shall be obliged to omit requests for other articles. Such requests are often printed in the *Housewife* and in the papers of shut-in societies.

We should be very glad to have some of our correspondents occasionally respond to requests, as well as offer books. Many of our shut-ins are too late to receive the book for which they ask.

Will our members remember that, while we do not print requests for scraps, our secretary, Miss Langmaid, will receive both requests for these and offers of the same.

Please also remember that, if you receive requests for money, it is best not to respond, but to send the name of the person who asks to Miss Langmaid or Miss Clarke.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, —Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, —Miss Louise Howe, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or Linden Street, Brookline, Mass.

EDITOR OF "CHEERFUL LETTER,"—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. Henry R. Hallett, 310 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

Subscriptions and renewals may be sent to the treasurer as above. The subscription is fifty cents a year.

Notice that requests for membership and for correspondents go to Miss Langmaid, our secretary; requests for books and offers of books, to Mrs. Hallett; and to Miss Clarke only articles for insertion in the paper (not Book Club matter). All such material should be written on *one side only* of the paper, and sent by the first of the month *before* that in which it is printed.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Ellen R. Dewson, Quincy, Mass. Please give full name and address. Many of our members take the paper, in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.

Will all subscribers or receivers of *The Cheerful Letter*, whose copy does not come regularly, or comes not correctly addressed, be kind enough to notify Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

Send also all notices of *changes of address* to Miss Langmaid. Please do not send these notices to the editor, as it causes delay in the correction.